

*Dut.* Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,  
In him that did object the same to thee:  
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,  
So long a growing and so leasurly,  
That if this were a rule he should be gracious,  
*Car.* Why Maddam, so no doubt he is.  
*Dut.* I hope so too but yet let mothers doubt.  
*Yor.* Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,  
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout,  
That should haue neuer toucht his growth then he did.  
*Dut.* How my pretty *Yorke*: I pray thee let me heare it.  
*Yor.* Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,  
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,  
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.  
*Granam*, this would haue beene a pritty iest.  
*Dut.* I pray thee pretty *Yorke*, who told thee so?  
*Yor.* *Granam*, his Nurse.  
*Dut.* Why, she was dead ere thou wert borne.  
*Yor.* If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.  
*Qu.* A petikous boy: go too thou art too shrewd,  
*Car.* Good Maddam be not angry with the child.  
*Qu.* Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorset*  
*Car.* Heere comes your sonne, Lord Marques *Dorset*,  
What newes Lord Marques?  
*Dor.* Such newes my Lord, as grieues me to ynfold.  
*Qu.* How fares the Prince?  
*Dor.* Well Madam, and in health:  
*Dut.* What is the newes then?  
*Dor.* Lord *Rivers*, and Lord *Gray*, are sent to Pomfret,  
With them Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, prisoners.  
*Dut.* Who hath committed them?  
*Dor.* The Mighty Dukes *Glocester* and *Buckingham*.  
*Car.* For what offence?  
*Dor.* The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:  
Why or for what these Nobles were committed,  
Is all vnkowne to me, my gracious Lady.  
*Qu.* Ay me, I see the downefall of our House,  
The Tiger now hath seaze the gentle Hinde:  
Insulting tyranny begins to iet.

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:  
Welcome destruction, death and massacre,  
I see as in a Mappe the end of all.  
*Dut.* Accursed and vnquiet wrangling daies,  
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?  
My husband lost his life to get the crowne,  
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,  
For me to ioy and weepe their gaine and losse,  
And being seated, and domesticke broyles  
Cleane ouerblowne, themselves the conquerous,  
Make war vpon themselves, blood against blood,  
Selfe against selfe, O preposterous  
And frankticke outrage, end thy damned spleene,  
Or let me die to looke on death no more.  
*Qu.* Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary:  
*Dut.* Ile goe along with you.  
*Qu.* You haue no cause.  
*Car.* My gracious Lady, go.  
And thither beare your treasure and your goods,  
For my part, Ile resigne vnto your grace,  
The Scale I keepe, and so betide to me,  
As well I tender you, and all yours:  
Come Ile conuert you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt.*  
*The Trumpets sound Enter young prince, Duke of  
Glocester, and Buckingham, Cardinal, &c.*  
*Buc.* Welcome sweete Prince to London to your chamber.  
*Glo.* Welcome sweete Cosen my thoughts soueraigne:  
The weary way hath made you melancholy.  
*Prin.* No Vncle, but our crosses one the way.  
Haue made it tedious, wearisome and heauy,  
I want more Vncles heere to welcome me:  
*Glo.* Sweete Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeares,  
Haue not yet diued into the worlds deceit:  
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,  
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,  
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:  
Those vncles which you want were dangerous,  
Your grace attended to their sugred words,  
But looke not on the poyson of their hearts: